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## Meyerbeer.

L'ANNE MUSICALE. P. SCUDO.

Meyerbeer is certainly one of the most curious and interesting figures presented by the history of Art. A man of the North, beloved fellow disciple of Weber, who created the German opera, born of a family favored alike by nature and fortune, Giacomo Meyerbeer had nothing to do but allow himself to live. Having two brothers, one a celebrated astronomer, the other a distinguished poet, Giacomo wished that his name too, should be inscribed upon the book of life. After having been a remarkable virtuoso on the piano, as were also Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, after having tried his powers in several dramatic compositions, in the language of his country, he was suddenly seized by an extreme love for Italian music, and breaking all bonds with the new school, which had aimed to lead away the musical genius of the German nation from the influence of the Italian masters which had triumphed since the *renaissance*, Meyerbeer went to the peninsula, and established again by his example the old fashioned pilgrimage of German musicians to the pure sources of melody; for it is well to know that the pilgrimage of the German composers began as far back as the last half of the sixteenth century. Praetorius, Henri Schütz (who was a pupil of the school of Venice), Keyser, and all the dramatic composers who preceded Handel, Hasse and Gluck, were admirers and imitators of the Italian school then reigning. It was at the close of the eighteenth century, after the death of Mozart and Haydn, that the old alliance of the two great musical schools of Europe, was suddenly broken. Beethoven, Weber, Schubert, Spohr, Mendelssohn and all the musicians who attached themselves more or less closely to the movement of renovation called the romantic, that is to say, national school, not only rejected the ancient teachings of the school which produced Palestrina, Carissimi, Searlatti, Gabrielli, Marcello and Jomelli, but even any imitation of its original peculiarities and processes. The last manifestation of the German romantic school is that horde of iconoclasts who pretend to extirpate from music all idea of melody, and who speak with disdain of the works of *Monsieur Mozart!* and who have dubbed themselves musicians of the future, because the present age is not worthy to comprehend them.

Of keen intellect, a sagacious observer, endowed with an imagination at once ardent and under restraint, ambitions of glory, yet not in too great haste to conquer it, timid and anxious in details, audacious and profound in the conception of a general plan, Meyerbeer developed in Italy a complex genius in which an adroit imitation of Rossini is discreetly mingled with his own inspirations. Such is the character of his two best Italian operas, *Marguerite d'Anjou* and *Il Crociato*, which made him a reputation that much afflicted his illustrious fellow-pupil and friend, the

author of *Der Freyschütz* and *Oberon*. We may read in the correspondence of von Weber, the letter in which he deplors the fact that Meyerbeer should have plunged deeper and deeper into the imitation of foreign forms, and that the love of success should have stifled so fine an imagination. "Was hoffen wir alles von ihm!—O verfluchte Lust zu gefallen!" Nevertheless in the midst of all the applause and *viras* lavished upon him by the Italian public, so warm and extravagant in the demonstrations of its satisfaction, Meyerbeer meditated, (for he is always meditating) a transformation of his manner. *Der Freyschütz* which had been given at Berlin in 1821, was translated into French, and represented at the theatre de l'Odeon, at Paris, in 1824 with a success that has become European. Stimulated doubtless by this example, by that given by Gluck in 1774, which Spontini and Rossini had followed so brilliantly, Meyerbeer also conceived the idea of essaying his genius in a country which possesses indisputably the finest and richest dramatic literature of modern nations. *Robert le Diable* was brought out at the opera in November, 1831. In March, 1836, he gave the *Huguenots*, in 1849, the *Prophète*, and in 1854, *L'Etoile du Nord*. I shall not undertake to comment on these works, which are known all over the world and performed in all the theatres of Europe. At some future time, we shall have occasion to recur to these great scores, which are very differently rated by critics, but of which no one can deny the powerful effect upon the public. Germany, where the works of Meyerbeer are judged by artists and critics with a rigor that borders on injustice, Germany runs to the representations of *Robert le Diable*, the *Huguenots* and the *Prophet* with no less enthusiasm than the Parisian public. Upon what then depends the evident and indisputable popularity of the operas of Meyerbeer? On the vigor of the coloring, the warm passion that pervades them, on certain situations powerfully rendered, on the effect of combinations, on profound inspirations that take hold of the masses, whatever may be the legitimate reservations of the man of taste who prefers the beauty that touches the heart and charms the imagination to the truth that strikes and impresses itself upon the intellect. We can say of Meyerbeer, who devotes himself above everything, to the true expression of life, what the Latin poet, Propertius, has said of Lysippus, the Greek sculptor:

Gloria Lysippo est animosa effingere signa.

It is a fine spectacle to contemplate the varieties of genius presented by the history of art. Going back no further than our own century, and restricting the field of observation to the three nations that represent the æsthetic civilization of Europe, the Italians, the Germans and the French, we perceive two great changes wrought, the one by Beethoven in instrumental music, the other by Rossini in dramatic music. These two geniuses, as different from each other as are the

two nations whose aspirations and sentiments they express, proceed in the conception of their work as Nature proceeds: they imitate their predecessors, and as the poet says, "*sur des pensées nouvelles ils font des vers antiques*," for there are no lasting recollections in the intellectual world, any more than in the moral world, but those that rest upon some corner of the past. You cannot cite either a great philosopher, or a poet, or an artist, or even a real statesman whose original work is the result of an isolated force, of a purely individual activity. If it is incontestable that the first compositions of the author of the Pastoral Symphony reveal a more or less involuntary imitation of the style of Mozart, so neither does Rossini conceal the fact that he has been educated in the admiration of Haydn, Mozart and Cimarosa, whose essences he combines and mingles on his magic palette: but this has not prevented Beethoven from becoming the most vast, most profound and most original musical genius that has ever existed, or Rossini from being the most varied, most passionate and most brilliant dramatic composer of his epoch. Around Beethoven, who remains *unique*, has arisen in Germany a group of congenial geniuses such as Weber, Spohr, Schubert, and later Mendelssohn, who, deriving their inspiration from the same order of ideas and the same traditions, are no the less original for that, especially Weber, who first translated into the lyric drama the marvellous of the German poetry. In the train of Rossini, in the same way has been produced a family of brilliant disciples, of whom the most original of all is Bellini, who would have risen very high, had not death cut off before his time, this sweet singer of Sicily, who had known how to combine with his own yet youthful style, an imitation of the old masters, especially of Paisiello, and the manner of the great renovator of Italian opera.

While these two great revolutions in the musical art were in progress in Germany and Italy, France which comprehends and appreciates nothing but exclusively dramatic music, remained faithful to the double tradition of Gluck and Grétry. Spontini and Mehul are disciples and eloquent imitators of the creator of *Armida* and the two *Iphigenias*, while the influence of Grétry produced at the theatre of the *Opéra Comique*, a swarm of delicious and charming composers of whom M. Auber is the illustrious successor. On this vast theatre upon which Gluck, Piccini, Sacchini, Spontini, had come in succession to enlarge the domain of the lyric tragedy created by Lully and Rameau, submitting their differing genius to the severe taste of the French traditions, Rossini came also to write four great chefs d'œuvre, and terminates his glorious career, by the marvel called *William Tell*.

It might have been thought that all the grand combinations of dramatic music were exhausted, and that after Rossini and Weber, so profoundly different from each other, a new transformation of the lyric drama was impossible. But such

reasoning fails to take into account the inexhaustible fecundity of nature. Then was seen to appear a man patient, of profound genius, endowed at once with a powerful imagination and a rare delicacy of mind. German in origin and, by the sound musical education he had received, become a little Italian by sympathy and inclination, he is French by the logic of his eminently dramatic understanding. After several years of trials and doubts, of partial successes that give him some appreciation of his powers, he comes to Paris whither the diverse tendencies of his nature attract him, and reveals himself to the astonished world in a work *Robert le Diable*, which produced an immense excitement. The *Huguenots*, the *Prophète* and *l'Etoile du Nord* extend and fix his reputation. I know all that an exclusive and partial taste can say of the style, and often complicated manner of Meyerbeer. We have ourselves arrived at a complete understanding of his work, only through a strong desire of equity, believing, as Poussin says, that our appetites alone should not judge of the beauties of art, but our reason also. Because we are naturally inclined toward that family of delicate and harmonious geniuses, who purify reality by the ideal, and temper power by grace, the chaste, restrained and truly divine geniuses who are called Virgil, Raphael, Racine, Mozart, shall we fail to recognize the manly and robust geniuses, who rejoice in the expression of grandeur, in the painting of vigorous characters and complicated passions, like Michel Angelo, Shakespeare, Corneille and Beethoven?

Is not the first quality of a judge or a critic impartiality? I mean that impersonality that forgets for a moment its secret affections, its natural predilections, so as to see that only which is submitted to its judgment, and the better to comprehend the work and the artist that do not belong to the order of ideas and sentiments with which it easily sympathizes. What a poor spirit would that be, which, educated in the admiration of a Titian or an Andrea del Sarto, could not comprehend a Rembrandt, that mighty colorist who loves the contest of lights and shadows, great contrasts of *chiar' oscuro*, types more vigorous than noble, and scenes of *bourgeoise* life, whence he causes to spring a profound thought and a dramatic interest.

Such are likewise the qualities of the works and genius of Meyerbeer. He excels in rendering the contrasts of extreme situations, the *mêlée* and shock of diverse passions in a powerful whole, in creating vigorous types, such as Bertram, Marcel and Fidès, who engrave themselves on the imagination of all, whom no one can forget, and in filling his immense canvass with tumult, life and light. In what modern drama can be found a finer female character than that of Valentine in the *Huguenots*, or a more touching scene than the duo of the third act with Marcel? Does a more pathetic air exist than the *Grâce* in *Robert* or a tableau more poetic and novel than the act of the Nuns in the same great work? I say nothing of the fourth act of the *Huguenots*, one of the finest pages of dramatic music in existence; but the *divertissement* and grand scene in the church, of the *Prophète* as well as the military scene in *l'Etoile du Nord*, are these not the production of an imagination more supple and more various than it is supposed to be? Meyerbeer is reproached with being want-

ing in melody. Certainly he has not the melody of everybody, those commonplaces that travel through the streets, and which the old troubadours love to repeat to the accompaniment of their cracked guitars. A dramatic musician above all, Meyerbeer could say, with Gluck, to his critics, "If I have succeeded in pleasing the theatre, I have attained the end I had in view, and I assure you that it concerns me little that my music does not please in a concert or in a saloon," (Life of Gluck, by Anton Schmid, p. 426.) A great tactician, a colorist full of relief, Meyerbeer could also add these words which the author of *Armide* said to a friend; "you should know that music in its melodic part, possesses very few resources. It is impossible, by the mere succession of notes that form the character of melody to depict certain passions." This is what album composers and the makers of canzonets do not understand; but the public, that for thirty years has applauded the works of Meyerbeer, listens only to the emotion it experiences and leaves to journalists the smartness that they was to in denying the brightness of day, and the power of so great a master.

In an age of great revolutions, of universal renovation, in which politics, poetry, science and the arts have extended the horizon of life and enlarged the bounds of the universe, music and especially dramatic music, has also renewed its forms, vivified its colors, and multiplied the number of its characters. Between Weber and Rossini, who have a manner of proceeding so unlike, and whose immortal works express a world of ideas and sentiments so opposite, Meyerbeer has succeeded in creating for himself a profound and original personality. The opera of the *Pardon de Ploërmel* far superior to *l'Etoile du Nord*, is in our opinion of all his works the most simple, the most agreeable and the most freely melodious author of *Robert* and the *Huguenots*.

### Russian Composers.

#### BORTNIANSKY.—GLINKA.

In Russia, as in all other European countries, the earliest music is the music of the Church, and the most ancient musical document in Russia is a canticle composed in honor of two Russian princes who were canonized in the eleventh century. The manuscript of this canticle was discovered not very long since in the monastery of St. Sergius, near Moscow, and Count Dmitri Tolstoi, who has published a highly interesting work on the subject of early Russian music, argues with reason that it must have been written in Russia, inasmuch as no one out of Russia would have taken any interest in the canonization of two Russian princes. In the course of time the music of the Russian Church, which had originally been borrowed from Byzantium, lost much of its oriental character; and towards the end of the seventeenth century, the adoption of the European scale, together with the imitation of Italian models, had so transformed it, that the Patriarch of Constantinople felt it necessary to send a choir to Moscow, with the view of restoring the ancient Greek chants, of which the tradition had been lost. But the Constantinople choir did not succeed in their mission, and, indeed, the Russian Church music needed a reform of a very different nature from that contemplated by the Patriarch and his vocalists. Without going back to the antiquated and unsuitable Greek style, it was highly desirable not to continue the imitation of the Italians, which involved a complete sacrifice of words to music; for, in addition to the natural differences between the Russian and Italian languages, it must be remembered that the service of the Roman Church is in verse, whereas that

of the Russian is in prose. Bortniansky was the first Russian composer who went seriously to work to harmonize and re-arrange the ancient and disorganized church music of his country. "The *times* were out of joint;" but it was not Bortniansky, it was Lvoff, the composer of the Russian national hymn, who was "born to set them right," and who in his twelve volumes of church-music, has adapted the ancient chants to the rhythm of the Russian words, so that they are now pronounced correctly, in the order in which they occur in the service, and without repetition. Bortniansky, however, after his return from Italy where he spent eleven years, wrote for the Russian Church the first music that it possesses; among other things a Mass in three parts, and forty-five Psalms, in four and in eight parts. During his residence in Italy, Bortniansky appears to have composed operas, symphonies, sonatas, but no music of a strictly religious character; this, however, was the style in which he excelled and to which he exclusively devoted himself after his appointment as Director of the Imperial Choir, an office in which he was preceded by Salieri. Many who do not know the name of Bortniansky, are, nevertheless, familiar with some of his compositions, which have been adopted by the Roman church, and may be heard in the churches of Paris, and, for all we know to the contrary, in those of Italy.

The name of Michael Glinka is not new to the constant and scrupulous readers of the *Musical World*. About a year ago we published an article from the pen of a highly esteemed contributor, on seventeen of his (Glinka's, not our contributor's) songs, being either detached compositions, or selections from the operas of *Rossan* and *Lodmilla* and *Tizne za Tzarya*. We also printed, a few months since, an article on the strange fortunes of the said *Rossan* and *Lodmilla*, of which the end was, that the scenery, costumes, score, and orchestral parts of the work were burned in the fire that destroyed the Tsirk theatre last year. The charming trio by Glinka, performed at Prince Galitzin's concert, is from *Tizne za Tzarya*, or *Life for the Tzar*—an opera founded on the story of the peasant Ivan Soussannin, who when Michael, the first of the Romanoffs, was being pursued by the Poles (at that time the oppressors, not the oppressed, of Russia), misled the invaders, so that the Tzar was able to escape, and refused, though put to the torture, to inform them of the route the Tzar had taken.—*Musical World*.

#### Fetis on Beethoven.

As a specimen of the care with which M. Fétis has set about the task of remodelling his great work, *La Biographie Universelle des Musiciens*, by incorporating with the new edition everything that struck him as worth appropriating, we may cite (*inter alia*) the paragraph relating to Beethoven's celibacy, and the causes generally assigned for that self-imposed privation on the part of the illustrious composer. In the first edition the matter is disposed of in a few brief sentences: "Beethoven"—it informs us—"never married; M. de Seyffried even asserts that he was never known to have had any tender attachment. The author of the present *Biography*, nevertheless, remembers being told by Joseph Woelfl (the pianist and composer—once a pupil of Beethoven's), of a certain lady to whose house Beethoven used frequently to go in his youth, and to whom he was very much attached, though he never confessed it. He appeared stung with jealousy whenever compliments were addressed by any other persons to the object of his attachment. In such cases the pianoforte was the depository of his thoughts, and was made to reflect the storm that raged within him. A single look from the lady, however, accompanied by a few kind words, brought back tranquility to his heart, and caused sweet melodies to succeed the harsh discords of his impetuous and passionate soul."

In the second edition, this paragraph is enriched with a quantity of new and valuable matter. Dr. Wegeler, the friend of Beethoven's



childhood and youth, never recollected him without some attachment, and generally one which exercised a great influence on his thoughts and actions. (*Beethoven war nie ohne Liebe, und meistens von ihr im hohem Grade ergriffen.*) Schindler, "*Ami di Beethoven*," also his Boswell and biographer, not only admits this assertion to be correct, but furnishes confirmatory details of considerable interest. The objects of Beethoven's regard were always, it would seem, persons of high rank, a circumstance accounted for by the nobleness of his disposition, and his frequent intercourse with the upper classes of society. His love, however, was always Platonic; the heart and the imagination were chiefly concerned the senses playing but a subordinate part in the drama. For several years, Beethoven was attached to Mlle. Julie de Guicciardi, who afterwards married the Count de Yallenberg, and to whom he dedicated his sonata in C sharp minor, (the well-known *Mondscheins*, or "Moonlight sonata.") Some letters written in the summer of 1806, from a watering-place in Hungary, whither the great composer had repaired in the hopes of finding a remedy for his deafness, and published in Schindler's *Biography*, tend to show that in this instance, at least, Beethoven's love was reciprocated. Schindler mentions also an *affaire de cœur* between Beethoven and the Countess Marie d'Erdady, to whom he dedicated the grand trios in E flat and D, Op. 70. Ferdinand Ries, too—Beethoven's favorite pupil, and who lived with him for a long time on the most intimate terms—says, that his master's love-fits were seldom of very long duration, and that the most lasting evidence of constancy he could cite did not outlive *seven months*! Beethoven's passion for Mlle. de Guicciardi, nevertheless—with deference to Ries and Wegeler—retained its hold on him for years. These additions to the chapter of love in Beethoven's "Life" greatly enhance its value. M. Fétis touches on the subject of Beethoven's friendships, about which the first edition of the *Biographie Universelle* was altogether silent. The illustrious musician seems to have been no less sensible to friendship than to love, but was so extremely sensitive, even on the most trifling points, that his self-esteem was easily wounded, and he would quarrel with his best friends. His brothers, who frequently disturbed his tranquility, and were the cause of his greatest annoyances, took delight in poisoning his mind with doubts about those for whom he entertained the sincerest affection, in order themselves to sway him the more completely to their purposes. Beethoven used to listen too readily to their insinuations, and instead of demanding a frank explanation, would sulk and repel by his coolness those against whom he fancied he had grounds of complaint. If, however, any one succeeded in persuading him of his error, he at once hastened to confess he had done wrong, implore forgiveness, and make every atonement in his power, with cheerfulness and alacrity. Although exceedingly attached to the friends of his youth, years sometimes elapsed without his even thinking of them.

One of his letters to M. Wegeler, the companion of his infancy, involves a confession that he had not written to that intimate friend even once during the space of seven years. Although almost as intimate with Schenck, the first who explained to him the defects of his musical education, he would appear to have forgotten his mentor altogether, when, one day, walking on the *Boulevards* at Vienna, he met Schenck, of whom he had lost sight for nearly twenty years. Mad with joy at once more meeting so old and true a friend, who for aught he knew might have been already in the grave, Beethoven dragged him into a neighboring wine-shop (at the sign of the *Hunter's Horn*), and, calling for wine, with a gushing outburst of feeling, as of youth, the generally taciturn and abstracted artist abandoned himself to uncontrollable gaiety, and narrated, in uninterrupted succession, an almost endless series of stories and anecdotes. After an hour thus spent in mutual unconstrained expansion, Schenck and Beethoven separated, never to meet again. This took place in 1824, in less than three years

after which period the great "tone-poet" had ceased to exist.

The chapters on love and friendship are followed by one devoted to Beethoven's family relations. The characteristic anecdotes follow—of which, by the way, M. Fétis has made a most discreet and appropriate selection; and finally, we have a chronological catalogue of Beethoven's works, followed by an examination of the biographies, essays, appreciations, and other writings on the subject. If the rest of the new edition of *La Biographie Universelle des Musiciens* be on a par with the article "Beethoven," it will be no less a book of inestimable value than of unexampled labor and research.—*Musical World*.

### Beethoven.

BY THEODOR HAGEN.

In July, 1805, Cherubini arrived with his wife in Vienna, in order to write for the theater *an der Wien* a new opera, *Féduska*, which was performed for the first time in February, 1806. The Cherubinis were of course well received by Beethoven, who held the composer of the *Water-Carrier* in great esteem, which was never very warmly reciprocated, and which led some people to the strange assertion, that Beethoven, in his opera *Fidelio*, had taken the Italian's music for a model. It was in November, 1805, that the last-named opera made its appearance. The circumstances were not favorable. Although the female parts were well received, the male ones were so much the worse, the tenor having no voice, and the basso a very rough one, and no method. Besides, the nobility had left their residences, and among the masses a fear of the French soldiery prevailed, so that the audience at the performance of *Fidelio* consisted mostly of French officers. The opera was given three nights in succession, and the performance resumed only in March, 1806, under the title, *Leonore*, and with some changes, as, for instance, the contraction into two, instead of the former three acts; also the introduction of a new aria, by *Pizarro* in C, because the singer of this part had resolutely refused to sing the old one in B flat. Further, a duo in C, between *Leonore* and *Marcelline*, with obligato violin and violoncello accompaniment, as well as a comic trio between *Rocco*, *Marcelline*, and *Jaquino* were left out. Once more, on April the tenth, it was given, and then left to the dust in the library of the theatre, where it remained until 1814, when it was again performed for the benefit of three subordinate officials at the Imperial Opera-House. At this time, at Beethoven's own instigation, several alterations had been made. We quote his own words, written to Friedrich Treitschke, artistic manager of the theatre: "The history of this opera is the most troublesome in the world. With most of it I am dissatisfied, and there is hardly a piece where I have not made attempts to lessen somewhat that dissatisfaction."

The performance was to take place May 23d; on the day before was to be the chief rehearsal, but the new overture in E was not yet written. The orchestra was ordered to rehearse this overture on the morning of the performance. Beethoven did not arrive. After a long delay, Treitschke took a carriage to fetch him, but he found him still in bed, in a profound sleep. At his side was a goblet with wine and biscuit in it; the sheets of the overture were strewn over the bed and on the floor. A candle, burnt out, showed that he had been at work till late in the night. The impossibility of finishing the work was at once settled, and instead of the new overture, the one to *Prometheus* was played.

In the evening Beethoven conducted, with conductor Umlant behind his back, to make right what the master's inability to hear made wrong. The applause was great, and increased with every performance. The seventh, on July 18th, was given for the benefit of Beethoven himself. It was on this occasion, that *Rocco's* air, "Gold is a fine thing," was performed for the first time, and the great aria of *Leonore* in E, with the three horns obligato, appeared in an altered state, in which it has since remained.

It must be mentioned here, that the artists engaged to sing in this opera at that time performed their task admirably. Mad. Milder Hauptmann, one of the greatest dramatic singers Germany ever had, sang *Leonore*; Michael Vogel, *Pizarro*, and Weinmüller, *Rocco*. Even the Italian Radochi, whose German was still worse than Vienna German generally is, in the tenor part of *Florestan* was entirely acceptable in voice, method, and figure. Unfortunately, soon after the successful resuming of *Fidelio*, Mad. Milder Hauptmann left Vienna in consequence of an engagement for life at the Royal Opera in Berlin, and the possibility of giving the opera to any satisfaction, became impossible. It was at least eight years before it could be again performed. It may be just as well to mention here a remark in Beethoven's own hand-writing, which was found amongst his papers: "The opera *Fidelio*, written anew, and improved in 1814, from March till May 15th."

### Prince Galitzin.

Prince Galitzin advertises a "Russian Concert" for the 20th at St. James's Hall, and amateurs of music are asking one another who this Prince Galitzin is, and what this Russian Concert is to be that he proposes to give for the benefit of Garibaldi, and at which the Prince himself is to conduct. Some even go so far as to ask how it is that a Russian nobleman in such a position as Prince Galitzin occupies, ventures to get up an entertainment in honor of a man whom the despotic party in Austria and Russia regard as a rebel and a revolutionist of the worst kind. The late Czar would not precisely have smiled on a Russian prince who had announced a concert for the benefit of Garibaldi; but though the Garibaldi of 1860 is still the Garibaldi of 1848, the Emperor Alexander is not the Emperor Nicholas, nor is the Russia of the present day to be judged of by the Russia of the past reign.

As for the Prince Galitzin, who is to make his appearance on Wednesday at St. James's Hall, he is the son of Prince Nicolas Galitzin, to whom Beethoven dedicated three of his last quartets, and under whom Prince George (he of St. James's Hall) served against us and our *quondam* allies in the Crimean war. Prince George Galitzin has an estate at Tamboff, and has long paid especial attention to the musical education of his peasants. He himself teaches the children to sing, and admits those who have attained a certain proficiency into a choir which he has spent eighteen years in forming, and which includes every range of voice from the highest sopranos to lower basses, by at least half an octave than are met with in this country or in Italy. These picked choristers—of whom, when we heard them four years ago at Moscow there were as many as eighty, of all sizes and ages—are excellent musicians, and read any part music at sight. That they have a good knowledge of harmony may be inferred from the fact, that they will sing any chord of four notes in any key on the chord being named, and without hearing it struck. This was shown at the time of the coronation of the Emperor Alexander, in Prince Galitzin's house at Moscow, where the Tamboff choir sang various sacred compositions by Mozart, Bortniansky, &c., and afterwards underwent a sort of examination in the presence of Onilicheff, Josse, the *chef d'orchestre* of the Théâtre Français, Durand, the organist of the Pantheon, Lablache, Tagliafico, and a number of other musicians and amateurs. A variety of chords were named, all of which were satisfactorily given by the singers. The service of the Russian Church is sung without accompaniment, and Prince Galitzin's singers, who are, above all, singers of sacred music, are in the habit of performing without the aid of any instrument. Several times at the conclusion of a long piece the Prince verified the final chord at the piano, when it appeared that, contrary to all precedent, the voices had not fallen even the eighth part of a note.

Another remarkable thing in the performance of these Tamboff singers, is the manner in which, in certain compositions, they do, or rather do not, take their breath. Thus, they will chant the creed or the Lord's Prayer from beginning to end without stopping to breathe even for an instant. Such at least is the effect upon the audience; but as the Galitzin choristers live, like the rest of us, by inhalation, we imagine the Prince must have arranged some system by which they take their breath in sections, say ten at a time, so that out of the eighty, seventy only are continually singing.

The advertisements do not set forth explicitly that Prince Galitzin has brought his choristers with him

to London; but we know that it was his intention to do so, and if he has left them behind, all we can say is, that he had better telegraph for them to Tamboff without delay,—*London Musical World*.

### The Organ.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Then swelled the organ: up through choir and nave  
The music trembled with an inward thrill  
Of biles at its own grandeur; wave on wave  
In flood of mellow thunder rose, until  
The hushed air shivered with the throb it gave;  
Then, pausing for a moment, it stood still,  
And sank and rose again to burst in spray  
That wandered into silence far away.

Deeper and deeper shudders shook the air,  
As the huge base kept gathering heavily,  
Like thunder when it rouses in its lair,  
And with its hoarse growl shakes the low-hung sky,  
It grew up like a darkness everywhere  
Filling the vast cathedral;—suddenly  
From the dense mass a boy's treble broke  
Like lightning, and the full-toned choir awoke.

Through gorgeous windows shone the sun aslant,  
Brimming the church with gold and purple mist,  
Meet atmosphere to bosom that rich chant,  
Where fifty voices in one strand did twist  
Their vari-colored tones, and left no want  
To the delighted soul, which sank abysed  
In the warm music cloud, while far below  
The organ heaved its surges to and fro

### Popular Music of the Olden Time.\*

(From the Quarterly Review.)

(Continued from page 106.)

During the early part of the civil commotions in the time of Charles I., the ballad-writers, who, distinguished from the literary poets, continued to exist in full vigor, were apparently on the side of the Parliament. They found a good unpopular figure ready made to their hands in the person of Archbishop Laud, and pandered to the rabble by squibbing that obnoxious prelate; but when an ordinance went forth not only for the suppression of stage-plays but also for *seizing upon all ballad-mongers*, the poets of the people found that they had sided with the wrong party. Chief on the list of royal rhymesters is Martin Parker, whose song "The king shall enjoy his own again" became a kind of party anthem among the Cavaliers, and whose name was so famous among his enemies that ballad-writers in general were stigmatized as Martin Parker's society, and perhaps formed an actual corporation.

Ritson, who considered Parker a "Grub-street scribbler," cannot help styling the "King shall enjoy his own again," the "most famous and popular air ever heard of in this country." The tune to which the words are written was already popular as "Marry me, quoth the bonny lass," but there is no doubt that he first gave it general celebrity by his poem, to which many verses were afterwards added, in order to suit the circumstances of the party. Wildrake, the typical cavalier in Sir Walter Scott's *Woodstock*, has this party effusion ever on the tip of his tongue, and for nearly a century it is identified with the cause of the Stuarts. In the days of Charles I., is sustained the courage of the Cavaliers; on the restoration of Charles II., it celebrated their triumph; after the revolution of 1688, it kept alive the enthusiasm of the Jacobites. The Anti-Stuart song, which rivalled the Cavalier lyric in popularity, was the famous "Lillibulero," which with words directed against the Irish papists, first became significant about 1688, and was afterwards whistled into immortality by Sterne's Uncle Toby.

The line of demarcation that so distinctly separated the cultivated from the uncultivated lover of music, was to a great measure obliterated on the restoration of Charles II. Professors of the science now essayed to please the many as well as the few; the learned tuneless counterpoint which was the pride of an earlier fall fell into disuse, and melody began to assert a supremacy over mere scientific combinations. The gittern, now called the "guitar," encroached upon the domain of the more unwieldy lute, and the six-stringed viol yielded to the violin, which had hitherto been almost exclusively employed in accompaniment to dancing. This exchange of the viol for the violin denoted a change in the character of the music performed. As Mr. Chappell says:—

"The reason why viols had been preferred to violins, tenors, and violoncellos for chamber music was simply this: until the reign of Charles II., the music played was in close counter-

point of limited compass for each instrument, and in from three to six parts, every visitor being expected to take a part, and generally at sight. The frets of the viols secured the stopping in tune, which one indifferent ear in the party might otherwise have marred."

Viols, it may be remarked, were not all of the same size. A set, or "chest," as it was termed, contained instruments of five or six different dimensions to suit different registers.

The lighter instrument, as we shall presently find, gained its ascendancy through the introduction of French taste; but the stringed instrument played with a bow,—and which, without distinction of size or register, we may generally term a fiddle,—is of native British growth. The Anglo-Saxons called it a *fithle* (with the soft "th" represented by the obsolete *fi*), and the Normans, suppressing the middle consonants altogether, reduced the word to "fiele," the obvious parent of "viol." But why talk of Normans, when we have the following lines by an Italian poet, Ventantius, who, towards the end of the sixteenth century, thus addressed Lomp, Duke of Champagne?—

"Romanusque lyra plandet tibi, Barbarus harpa,  
Græcæ Achillicæ, chrota Britannia canat."

The "chrota" was the "crowd" or primitive fiddle, the name of which is so familiar to the readers of Hudibras, and it differed from the modern instrument by the absence of a neck. An aperture was made so as to admit the left hand of the player through the back and enable him to form the notes by the pressure of the strings upon the finger-board.

The very circumstance that the violin had previously been associated with dancing, would seem to have been a recommendation with Charles II., who, according to Roger North, loved no music but that of the dancing kind, and put down all advocates for the fugal style of composition, with the unanswerable question, "Have I not ears?" A band of twenty-four violins (including tenors and basses), who merrily accompanied his meals, and even enlivened his devotions in the Chapel Royal, originally suggested the comic song, "Four-and-twenty fiddlers all of a row," that has lasted down to the present day. These innovations were deemed offensive by gentlemen of the old school, and the sober Evelyn was greatly shocked, when, in December, 1662, at the conclusion of the sermon, "instead of the ancient grave and solemn wind-music accompanying the organ, was introduced a concert of twenty-four violins, between every pause, after the French fantastical light way; better suiting a tavern or play-house than a church." Unfortunately, too, the predilection of a king for French fiddlers formed part of his anti-national tendency, and was carried to such an extent, that John Banister, who had been leader of the twenty-four, was dismissed for saying, on his return from Paris, that the English violins were better than the French. Nor was this sacrifice of national feeling a tribute to superior accomplishment in the foreigner. France was the country least celebrated in Europe as the birth-place of musicians; and, while English gentlemen were not deemed properly educated unless they could play difficult music at sight, the twenty-four professional musicians who recreated the "Grand Monarque," and where the model on which Charles II. fashioned his own band, were not able to play anything they had not especially studied. But the French tickled the ears of the royal voluptuary by their dance-tunes, which the old contrapuntal "fantasies," as they were called, did not; and there was the end of all controversy.

A taste for the vocal music of Italy is, however, much older than the Restoration, and recitative, which is notoriously of Italian origin, was found indispensable in the Court Masques that were given during the reign of James I. and Charles I. As early as 1653, Henry Lawes, the friend of Milton and Waller, and the representative of native genius, was roused to an indignant protest, which with small variations has been repeated down to the present day.

"Wise men," says Lawes, "have observed our nation so giddy that whatsoever is native, be it ever so excellent, must lose its taste, because themselves have lost theirs. For my part, I profess (and such as know me can bear witness), I desire to render every man his due, whether strangers or natives; and without depressing the honor of other countries, I may say our own nation hath had, and yet hath, as able musicians as any in Europe. I confess the Italian language may have some advantage by being better smoothed and versed for music, which I found by many songs which I set to Italian words, and our English seems a little overclogged with consonants, but that's much the composer's fault, who, by judicious setting and right turning the words, may make it smooth enough. This present generation is so satiated with what is native that nothing takes their ear but what's sung in a language they understand as little as they do the music."

The same Henry Lawes, with Matthew Lock and Captain Henry Cook, composed the music to Davenant's *Siege of Rhodes*, the story of which was told in recitative, and which was an opera in the strictest sense of the word. The work was performed in a room at the Earl of Rutland's house in Aldersgate,

in the year 1656, and preceded by thirteen years the establishment of opera in France. Indeed, Louis XIV. himself gave acknowledged precedence to the English, when in 1669 he granted to the Sieur Perrin the patent (afterwards withdrawn) for the establishment of an academy for the cultivation of public theatrical singing (*pour chanter en public des pièces de Théâtre*), as practised in Italy, Germany, and England. People who love to remark that tragedy was first introduced into France by Cardinal Richelieu may take pleasure in observing that the first English opera was licensed by Cromwell. To the fact that the performance took place in a room may be attributed this extraordinary liberality, of which we find traces among the religionists of the present day. The families, who hold theatres in abhorrence, yet patronize the most worldly and frivolous "entertainments" given in halls and galleries.

To the suppression of the theatres by the Puritans, and to the dispersions of musicians generally during the Civil Wars, may be traced the origin of public concerts. Having no other means of earning a subsistence, the musicians betook themselves to the taverns, which now became the sole places where music could be heard, and were much frequented on that account. However, a law like that which had formerly annihilated the minstrels of the ancient school, was now put in force against these hapless caterers for public amusement. By an Act passed in 1656-7 against "vagrants, and wandering, idle, dissolute persons" (our legislators always added insult to injury when dealing with music and the drama), it was ordered that "if any person or persons, commonly called fiddlers or minstrels, shall at any time after the first of July be taken playing, fiddling, and making music in any inn, alehouse, or tavern, or shall be taken performing themselves or desiring or enticing any person or persons to hear them play, or make music in any of the places aforesaid," they shall be treated as rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars. The poor wretches were not only forbidden to make music, but they might not ask to be heard; and the frequenters of taverns no longer amused by others were driven to their own vocal resources, which, thanks to their education, were not small. Part-songs, catches, and canons thus became the order of the day, and the proficiency of our forefathers in singing at sight is attested by the fact that there was seldom any difficulty in finding the requisite number of voices. On the restoration of Charles II., the obstacles to the development of professional talent were removed, but, nevertheless, the vocal performances of amateurs continued in full vigor. In the very first place of entertainment at which music was regularly played—a place situated (according to North) in a lane behind St. Paul's—shopkeepers and freemen were wont to sing in concert, mellowing their voices with ale and tobacco. The next experiment, which was made in Whitefriars, was of a more professional nature, the engaged "talent" being so excessively modest, that they were inclosed in a box, surrounded by curtains that rendered them invisible. The patrons of art paid an entrance fee, and ordered what refreshment they pleased. Here we have the exact prototype of the Canterbury Halls of the present day, save that the shamefacedness of the musicians has had no modern imitators.

The vocal music sung by the amateurs who frequented taverns in the time of Charles II. was usually taken from the now scarce collection of rounds and catches published by John Playford. A similar collection of rounds and catches had been published by Ravenscroft in the time of James I. but it was not till after the Restoration that the practice of writing catches became prevalent among great composers.

(To be continued.)

### The Nine O'clock Bell.

It is a beautiful custom which prevails in many towns and villages in New England,—this ringing of the church bells at the good, wholesome hour of nine o'clock in the evening. It is an observance, too, sanctioned by time-honored usage,—handed down to us by our puritan fathers,—redolent of antiquity, and of those good old days when people went to rest betimes, slept soundly and sweetly upon hard beds, and arose with the sun, or the larks, if you please.

There is to us something inexpressibly pleasant in this ringing of the bells at nine o'clock, and we never pass a night in a strange village, but we feel more at home in it—more tranquil and fitted for repose, if we chance to hear at the usual time some faithful sentiment in a neighboring steeple, sending forth its evening chime. There is more than we think in the power of early associations. We never forget the mellow tones of the church bell which graced the belfry of the village church in our native hamlet. Its cadences will ever and anon sound in our ears all our lives

\* A Collection of Ancient Songs, Ballads, and Dance Tunes Illustrative of the National Music of England. By W. CHAPPELL, F. S. A.



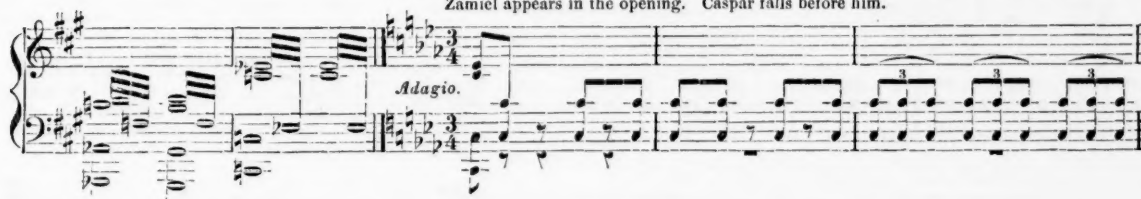
# DER FREYSCHÜTZ.

37

The clock strikes twelve at a distance. The circle being finished, CASPAR draws his hanger, and at the twelfth stroke strikes it into the scull.



Caspar places himself in the circle. A subterranean noise is heard; a rock splits asunder, and Zamiel appears in the opening. Caspar falls before him.



The first system of the piano accompaniment consists of five staves. The first two staves are in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The first staff features a complex, rapid arpeggiated figure in the right hand, while the left hand provides a steady bass line. The next three staves continue this texture, with the right hand playing a more melodic line and the left hand maintaining the harmonic foundation. The system concludes with a double bar line and a common time signature 'C'.

A peal of thunder is heard, and repeated in echo; ZAMIEL vanishes, the scull and hanger likewise disappear, and in their place a flask and a hearth with lighted coals and faggots rise out of the earth.

The second system of the piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The first staff begins with the tempo marking 'Allegro.' and a dynamic marking 'p' (piano). It features a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The second staff continues the piece, with a dynamic marking 'mf' (mezzo-forte) and a 'cresc.' (crescendo) marking. The system ends with a final chord in the right hand.

# DER FREYSCHÜTZ.

39

(Caspar arranges the materials for casting the bullets, and throws fuel on the fire.)

The musical score consists of seven systems of piano and violin parts. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The piano part is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The violin part is written in a single staff (treble clef). The score includes various musical notations such as trills (tr), crescendos (cresc.), and dynamics (ff). The tempo marking 'Andante.' appears above the sixth system. The score is arranged in a vertical layout with seven systems of music.

## DER FREYSCHÜTZ.

pp f ff p

Recuo.

This system contains the first four staves of the piano accompaniment. It begins with a treble and bass clef in B-flat major (two flats). The first staff has dynamic markings *pp*, *f*, and *ff*, followed by *p*. The second staff ends with the marking *Recuo.* (Recitativo). The third and fourth staves continue the accompaniment with various rhythmic patterns and chords.

Caspar fans the fire with the eagle's wing.

Vivace.

*ff*

This system contains the fifth and sixth staves. The fifth staff begins with the tempo marking *Vivace.* and ends with *ff*. The sixth staff continues the accompaniment.

(The ghost of Max's mother is seen on a rock,  
at a distance.)*poco ritenuto.*

*fp*

This system contains the seventh and eighth staves. The seventh staff begins with the tempo marking *poco ritenuto.* and ends with *fp*. The eighth staff continues the accompaniment.

This system contains the ninth and tenth staves. The ninth staff continues the accompaniment, and the tenth staff ends with a double bar line.

Vivace.

This system contains the eleventh and twelfth staves. The eleventh staff begins with the tempo marking *Vivace.* and ends with a double bar line. The twelfth staff continues the accompaniment.



long, though many dreary miles of land or sea make a gulf between us and our early home.

Who has not some particular bell in his memory, which to his boyish eyes seemed the largest bell upon earth? What an interest it had in his eyes! How he watched with eagerness for its ringing, and with what a feeling of curiosity, mingled with awe, he mounted, for the first time, the rickety staircase, wound his way up through the unfurnished garret, and stood face to face with the object of his admiration; or looked down from the dizzy height upon mother earth far below, and the blue hills in the distance, standing up like armed sentinels against the sky. What a variety of cadences the old bell possessed! On gala-days it rang a merry peal, and the child's heart leaped for joy. On the Sabbath its tones were more solemn and majestic, according well with the solemnity of the day and seeming to say to all within the sound of its voice, "this is none other than the house of prayer, the very gate of heaven;" but when it tolled the knell of a departed soul, the tones were sad and mournful, dying away upon the air with a tremulous sound, like a mourner's sob.

We have read that the travellers in foreign lands with the broad ocean rolling between them and home, have sometimes awakened at night, and seemed to hear the church bells ringing in their homes beyond the sea, and so real did it seem to them, that it was difficult to dispel the illusion, if such it be. May it not be possible that in certain peculiar states of the mind,—that wonderful creation of a divine hand,—the faculties become so acute, so intensified, the delicate nerves of sensation so enhanced in power, that time and space are annihilated, and we are borne on the wings of the wind as it were, very near our home and friends. It was not all an illusion when the heroine of that most delightful novel—Jane Eyre—seemed to hear the voice of Rochester calling to her in the darkness. Who has not in his own experience known instances similar to this, of those who heard voices in the night-watches, and gained strength and courage thereby.

"Perched God's right hand in that darkness,  
And were lifted up and strengthened."

One need not go to the city for sweet-toned, musical bells. In many of the rural villages of the north country, we may hear as rich, full tones,—as harmonious cadences as ever fell upon the listening air of evening from cathedral dome or lofty church-spire. It is after all, the associations, the memories awakened, that render the tones of even a diminutive bell more majestic and soul-moving than organ music to our ears.

We recollect one bell in an obscure country village whose mellow tones will live forever in our heart. In the clear evenings of mid-summer, as the shadows deepened along the landscape and the stars peeped out one by one "in the infinite meadows of heaven," its clear, silvery tones might be heard echoing among the hills, proclaiming the hour of nine o'clock, and saying not inaudibly, to all the dwellers round about, "The night cometh; sleep on now and take your rest, for all is well!" It is impossible to describe the tranquilizing influence its tones exerted—the happy recollections it awakened in the hearts of those who nightly listened to its welcome music. At such a time, under the clear sky of a mid-summer night,

"The friendships old and the early loves  
Come back with a Sabbath sound as of doves  
In quiet neighborhoods."

Let us cherish with a feeling akin to veneration anything that tends to occasionally separate us from the busy toil and strife of life's battle,—soothe and calm our troubled spirits, and fit us for repose! Long may it be before the time-hallowed customs die out in New England which sets the church bells a ringing at the good hour of nine o'clock, for with it would vanish one of the most valued associations of childhood.

"We may build more splendid habitations,  
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures, but we cannot  
Buy with gold the old associations."

—Worcester Daily Spy.

## Music Abroad.

### Paris.

The Government is expending a great deal of money on the Grand Opera. The opera "Semiramis," in which the two sisters Marchisio are to make their appearance, will be gotten up in a style of magnificence such as has never been seen before, even here, where we have witnessed more than one folly in the way of operatic decoration. All books, all medals, all engravings, all drawings on Babylon have been consulted and analyzed, and Mons. Flan-

drin, who visited these countries on a mission given by the Government, has been appointed inspector of the scene painters. Consequently we shall have as faithful a representation of Babylon as it is possible to obtain. The scenery of the first act represents Babylon as it was in 1916 B. C., that is, in all its splendor—a splendor by the side of which Martin's most extravagant pictures and Piranesi's most extravagant architectural dreams seem tame and commonplace and dwarfed. Another decoration, which is not less poetical and not less immense than the scenery of the first act, is a representation of the hanging gardens of Babylon. The decoration of the third act represents a crypt which seems of infinite extent, and which the scene painters have attempted to make as gloomy and terrible as possible—this is the burial-place of the Assyrian Kings. Ninus's tomb will likewise produce a great effect. Ninus' ghost will appear at the summit of a gigantic staircase reaching heaven, and lighted by the most fantastic fires of modern pyrotechny. The costumes will be accurate and of unheard of splendor. The recitatives added to the score are by M. Carafa. Strange to say, it has been impossible to find a complete score of the opera. When Rossini composed it there was no such thing as musical engraving in Italy. The copyist of the theatre copied the scores for other theatres, and usually made a great deal more money by copying the scores than the composer made by writing them!—as is still the case in the United States, where copyists get a great deal more from copying plays than the author dreams of receiving. The copies of opera scores made by those mechanics of ink were extremely incorrect and generally very incomplete: as most theatres had very small orchestras they usually purchased only the score of the instruments found in their orchestra. The quartet of stringed instruments was always complete, and more attentively copied than the rest, which was copied as God please. Rossini recently told one of his friends that the Italian opera here had not, and consequently never played, the opera as he wrote it. The Grand Opera has made every possible research to procure a correct score; its agents have examined the libraries of the best Italian opera houses, and the score it has obtained is believed to be nearly perfect. Galli, a famous singer in his day, "created" the leading masculine part; he was so much overcome by emotion that he sang constantly in too high a key; he was conscious of it, but he could not avoid it. Rossini was on the stage; but when the curtain fell Galli dared not go near him; Rossini saw his embarrassment, and running up to him with open arms, exclaimed: "Veni porco! give us a hug! you've sung magnificently false this evening!" The first allegro of the overture is a master piece overflowing with gaiety, youth, fire and joy. Rossini has taken the *motivo* of this allegro for the funeral march he has composed for his interment! His idea is, he is in the coffin, but sensible; he recalls his brilliant youth, he takes the most admired work of that period of his life, he veils it with crape, and turns it into a dead march, as if he'd make his youth weep for his death. This funeral march is of a power, a grandeur, a sadness which cannot be expressed; the auditor seems to hear all the great operas, the composer's immortal daughters, clad in thick black and wailing their father's departure from life. The idea seems at first of indecent levity; but when it is explained doesn't it appear poetical, and beautiful, and appropriate? Great embarrassment was felt about the music for the dancing, as there was none in the original score, and Rossini would not write any now, and as the Grand Opera was averse from interpolating any music foreign to the original score. However, by dint of patient researches the score of a cantata was found written by Rossini for his first wife, Mlle. Colbrand, in 1818, to celebrate the return of the Bourbons to Naples. This cantata was composed of dances and songs. The sisters of Marchisio are said to be women of most extraordinary talents; they command at rehearsals the applause of the orchestra and their comrades. Mons. Meyerbeer, however, does not think them equal to singing his long promised L'Africaine, which he offered to Mlle. Cruvelli. Speaking of her, I may mention her husband, Baron Vigier, bought the other day "Garibaldi's House" at Nice for \$26,000. Garibaldi always inhabited this house when he visited his birth place. It is on the Boulevard de l'Imperatrice.—*Corr. of the New Orleans Picayune.*

M. Wicart, the Belgian tenor, whose re-engagement at the Grand Opera I announced in my last, made his appearance last Friday as Arnold in *Gaillaume Tell*. A great deal of curiosity was felt, to ascertain whether this artist had indeed made all the progress attributed to him since his first appearance in Paris. The result has proved in excess of what-  
ever was anticipated, and so decided was his success

that the strongest desire is expressed that he should in future make Paris his artistic home. His voice is of considerable extent, powerful, and especially clear and telling in the upper notes. In the celebrated air, "Asile héréditaire," followed by the *stretta*, "Amis, secondex ma vaillance," which is the trying piece of the part, and the one which would decide the character of his success, Wicart was enthusiastically applauded and several times re-called. He is to appear again in the same opera, and then twice as Raoul in the *Huguenots*; his engagement being only for four nights. I understand that the report of the commissioners appointed to make enquiries as to the most suitable locality for the new Opera House has been sent in, and that the decision is in favor of the site on the Boulevard des Capucines. The commission consisted of the following personages, M. Chaix d'Estange, chairman; M. Caristie, architect; and MM. Cornudet, Eugène Scribe, Varin, L. Véron, and Denière. Herold's maiden triumph at the Opéra Comique, *Les Rosières*, just revived, as I mentioned last week for the first time since 1826, is still running and meets with increased success every night. It is admirably executed, every part being well filled.—*London Musical World, June 23.*

BERLIN.—A very intelligent friend of mine, who holds an important post at the Court of Berlin, and of whose musical knowledge—amateur as he is—I am decidedly jealous, gives me some account of the operatic doings in that city. Marschner's opera of *The Templar and the Jewess* has just been revived. This is decidedly the most popular work of the composer, but on its first appearance it had to struggle against the influence of two such redoubtable rivals as Weber and Spohr, and consequently it was never appreciated at its just value. Marschner has now had his revenge, and has compelled the public to acknowledge the dramatic power which characterizes many of the pieces in this opera, the gracefulness of its melody and the richness of its instrumentation. Mad. Koester played the part of Rebecca and added fresh lustre to her reputation. Kreutzer's opera of *A Night at Granada* has been played at Kroll's establishment with great success. *Stradella* (Flotow's) is still attracting crowded audiences, and is being played both at the Frederick William Theatre and at Kroll's. The duo between the two brigands and the hymn to the Virgin are regularly honored with an encore whenever they are heard. It is the success of *Martha* over again. This is encouraging to Mr. Gye, who is to bring out *Stradella* during the present season. By the way, it is said here that he (Mr. Gye) has engaged Graziani for two seasons, 1861 and 1862, at the rate of 10,000*l.* a month; you will better come at the truth of this than I.—*Ibid.*

VIENNA.—But to return to my German correspondent's budget of news. The Italian opera at Vienna closes on the 28th of the month, and next season the *Pardon de Plöemmel* will be produced, with Mad. Frassini as Dinorah.—*Ibid.*

MUNICH.—The *Pardon* has been played at Munich with Mlle. Schazbach as the heroine. Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis* is announced here, and Mlle. Stoeger is to sing the principal part. The Oratorio Society of Munich have brought their season to a close. Bach's Christmas *Cantata* and fragments of Handel's *Susannah* were given at the last performance. At Trieste, Mad. Amelia Jackson had just made her debut in *Robert le Diable* as Isabella, and obtained a legitimate success.—*Ibid.*

### London.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The programme of Monday evening's concert (the fifth and last but one of the season) was as follows:—

Sinfonia in E flat, No. 5.	.....	Mozart
Song—"The Quail."	Mr. Tennant.	.....
Concerto in A minor, pianoforte, Herr Ritter.	.....	Beethoven
Aria—"Vedrai carino,"	Mad. Borghi-Mamo.	.....
Overture—"Isles of Fingal."	.....	Mendelssohn
Sinfonia in A, No. 7.	.....	Beethoven
Recit. and Aria—"Ah, come spida,"	Mad. Borghi-Mamo.	.....
Mano.	.....	Meyerbeer
Concertino, violoncello, M. Paque.	.....	G. Golttermann
Overture—"Prometheus."	.....	Beethoven
Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D.	.....	— <i>Ibid.</i>

PRINCE GEORGE GALITZIN'S CONCERT.—This concert, of the holder and object of which we have already given some account, took place on Wednesday afternoon in St. James's Hall. Though its announcement did not, as we expected it would have done, fill the hall to overflowing, yet the audience was large, and many distinguished persons were present. Prince Galitzin, on presenting himself in the orchestra in the capacity of conductor of the concert, was received with loud and prolonged acclamations. He is a man of a striking aspect; tall, stout, and portly,

with a handsome and noble countenance, and an air of great dignity. He conducted the performances with the skill of a practised musician, wielding his baton of command with remarkable grace, and beating the measure with very great clearness and precision. Altogether, this high-born stranger did not disappoint the expectations of those who were led by his illustrious name—which is a household word among musical amateurs—to look at him with curiosity and interest. The concert consisted wholly of Russian music, unknown in this country, but calculated to give a high idea of the state of the art in the far North. Several of the pieces were composed by Prince Galitzin, and showed him to be—not a mere amateur, but a thorough artist, possessed of original genius and great technical acquirements. A chorus "Santa Maria," which opened the concert was a piece of ecclesiastical harmony equally remarkable for purity of style and grandeur of effect. There was, too, a charming Romance with an "obligato" accompaniment for the violoncello, sung by Mad. Sainton-Dolby, and accompanied by M. René Douay, which enchanted the audience; and there was lastly a waltz for the orchestra, which, in vigor, brilliancy, and masterly treatment, reminded us of the best things of poor Jullien. In short, this illustrious amateur showed himself a master of every style of music. Besides these compositions of Prince Galitzin, there were several superb choral pieces of Bortniansky, a composer whose renown has reached this country, and whose music ought to be better known among us; and there were two specimens of Glinka, a famous dramatic composer of the day; one, a beautiful trio from a Russian opera, sung by Miss Louisa Pyne, Signor Mongini, and Mr. Patey; and the other a mazurka, played with remarkable grace and brilliancy by Miss Arabella Goddard, who was enthusiastically called upon to repeat it, but contented herself by gracefully acknowledging the compliment. Though the concert consisted of modern compositions, they were, for the most part, strongly marked with the Russian national character, a circumstance which enhanced their interest. The performances were received with the greatest enthusiasm; most of them, indeed, were encored, and at the conclusion Prince Galitzin retired from the orchestra amidst thunders of applause from all parts of the hall.—*Ibid.*

**HERR STRAUSS AT THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.**—The first appearance at these concerts of a violinist with such legitimate claims to notice as Herr Strauss (from Frankfort) must not be passed over without a line to record that it was eminently and deservedly successful. All genuine amateurs are acquainted with the Tenth Quartet of Beethoven, and know that it is one of the most difficult to play, no less than one of the most profound and poetical, of the seventeen master-pieces which the greatest of instrumental composers has bequeathed to the world of art. In this piece (which had already twice been led with great ability by M. Wieniawski at the Monday Popular Concerts) Herr Strauss made his *coup d'essai* before an audience become critical through the force of admirable examples, and so by no means easy to conciliate. Herr Strauss, however, in the first part of the first movement had done enough to satisfy all present that he was no mere flashy pretender, but, on the contrary, an artist of the foremost rank; while all the rest, up to the final variation of the theme of the concluding movement, was to match. Thus the Frankfort violinist was not "plucked," but passed his examination triumphantly. The decision was not just, Herr Strauss being not merely all that report had given out in his favor, but something more. Besides the Tenth Quartet, he played the Romance (No. 2), accompanied by Mr. Benedict on the piano-forte, and the Quartet in D major, the finest of the early set of six, numbered Op. 18, and the one which in certain places (instance the *minuetto* and *trio*) exercised an undoubted influence upon Mendelssohn.—*Times.*

**THEODORE RITTER AT THE PHILHARMONIC.**—The solo instrumentalists were Herr Ritter, a pianist quite new to this country, and M. Pague, the well-known violoncellist. The former was triumphantly successful, as he well deserved to be. The numerous disappointments we have experienced of late years with respect to "distinguished foreign pianists," whose visits to our shores were heralded by magnificent "puffs preliminary," each player being set down for the nonce as the greatest of the great, rendered us, we must own, somewhat special about the merits of Herr Ritter. We were thus surprised no less than delighted to find in this new performer a consummate master of his instrument—a pianist whose execution presents a combination of manual agility with purity and elegance of style which not one player in a thousand attains to. Herr Ritter possesses, too, in its highest perfection, that gift of nature, a beautiful and sympathetic "touch." He

handles his piano as though he loved it, and the piano seems to return his affection. The piece selected by Herr Ritter for his *début* at the Philharmonic was Hummel's fine and far too rarely heard concerto in A minor. Herr Ritter could not have chosen more wisely. Nothing more thoroughly "pianistic" than this work exists; and perhaps there is none in which so much effect may be made in a natural and orthodox way by a legitimate pianist. We do not mean to say that Hummel's concerto in A minor is not "difficult" to play, for it demands graces of style and expression which none but a great artist can supply; but the florid passages, truly brilliant though they be, are all what is termed "grateful"—that is, they lie well under the fingers, and repay with interest whatever labor they may have exacted from the player. Herr Ritter was enthusiastically applauded, and recalled twice after his masterly performance.—*Morning Post.*

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 14, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—WYER'S Opera, *Der Freyschütz* piano-forte arrangement, continued.

### The Philharmonic Problem.

We yield the place of honor, with pleasure this week to the following communication from Mr. Ryan, the President of the Philharmonic Society, that his views upon this question may have as conspicuous display before our readers as have the remarks that have elicited this reply. We need not say, we trust, that nothing is further from the intentions and spirit of the "Journal of Music," than to misrepresent or prejudge the intentions or plans of this Society. The comments that have been made in our columns were such as were suggested by such information as had been vouchsafed to us of the constitution of the Society, and explanation has been already made as to those points in which we were misinformed or uninformed. Neither need this "Journal" say, that its best wishes and most earnest efforts, will always be cheerfully given to aid this endeavor of the new Society, to attain the desired success, or that whatever difference of opinion there may be as to what is the *best* plan, we shall not be behind hand in our exertions to forward the success of that which, for the time being, is adopted as such.

JOHN S. DWIGHT, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:*—I have read with much interest your articles on the "Philharmonic problem," and as all music-lovers, and especially professional musicians, must regard it as a matter of great importance, I hope you will allow me the favor of expressing in your paper my views on the same subject, in order that the same readers may be able to judge after hearing both sides of the question; and though my views differ essentially from yours, yet I believe that we have an equal interest in the firm establishment of such a Society among us.

Before entering on the question at large, allow me to say a word in defence, not as President of the Philharmonic Society, but simply as a member. I admit your having made the *amende honorable* to our Society, for giving in your paper as articles in our constitution, matter that was not in the constitution, or thought of being introduced into it. Yet there is one more article which in your mind is an objectionable feature; namely that the Society is composed of orchestral performers only, and that none others can be members. I will simply say that the article relating to this matter reads thus, "The Society shall consist of sufficient professors of music to constitute a good orchestra." Now we do not mean by that, that such as play violins, flutes, clarinets,

trumpets and the like, only can be members. No such idea runs through our constitution. It is sufficient that they be professors of music, good artists and serviceable ones to be admitted. For instance, we need piano players often as a portion of the full orchestra; and such artists would be all the more welcome, if they were as serviceable as our friends, Messrs. Timm and Scharfenberg of the New York Philharmonic Society, excellent pianists and most respectable in their double capacity in the Society, as big drum and cymbal beaters. Therefore if there are any of the "leading artists" of Boston who are willing to sacrifice themselves and work as hard for the cause as we shall, they have but to express a wish to become members of the Society, and there is little doubt of their election. Now who will be these "leading artists?" To say that we have always worked hard for the advancement of the cause of music in Boston, is no idle boast, if our friends will but remember the "Musical Fund Society." That society gave concerts for about five or six seasons, with an indefinite number of rehearsals, both private and public, without, I was going to add, the members receiving one cent. But I forgot; we one year received nine dollars, another year twenty-five dollars,—and that was the entire remuneration from those concerts for the five or six seasons that we were in active existence. We associated ourselves purely for art's sake, thinking that "we had a claim on the sympathy of those that value art, and that support would naturally flow in from all sides." We were mistaken, and I fear we will never see the day when "generous material support will never be wanting," though there were real friends then; they are still our friends, but for a city the size of Boston, we must respectfully say, that they are few in number. The public at large, upon whom the "material support" of large concerts really rests, deserted our standard in the hour of need, and went over to the enemy, the "Germania." That was proper in one sense, and was to be expected; theirs was a superior organization; but, on the other hand, does it prove that artists have only to show to the public the sincerity of their efforts, to receive every sympathy and large reward?

Notwithstanding all we have hitherto done for the cause, you still have no faith in our artistic intentions, and you plainly express it in your articles on the subject, that we as a body only care to increase our wages, by creating opportunities so to do. The "twelve dollar article" naturally gave rise to this in your mind. Now you have already, I concede, given the reason for the existence of such an article in the constitution, as it has been explained to you, viz., "to prevent the Government engaging in rash enterprises." So far, so good. In that sense, such a clause was imperative. But I will give still another reason why we ought as men and citizens, as well as artists to guard for the future, against laboring without remuneration, for none of us are in such a position that this absurdity can be expected of us, and yet I will aver Mr. Dwight, that the heart and kernel of our plan was not simply to make money.

You say "good symphony concerts are to the musician, what the White Mountains are to the painters." Precisely so! and yet can our brother painters afford to go to the mountains, spend their time in making sketches, studies, working them up into pictures of grace and beauty, and then return home to give them away to the picture loving public? By no means. They go to the mountains with the express intention of improving themselves in their art, of making the very best pictures their talents will allow them, with the equally express intention of *selling them* to the highest bidder. Yet they, none the less work for the true cause of art, as much as mortal man can, who must, to support life, have bread and butter. Now can any one censure them for all this? I think not. In fact, this matter of



working for the progress of art, or any other good cause, and at the same time looking for a proper remuneration, *can not be separated*. It cannot I repeat be lost sight of, any more than we may expect the minister who preaches the gospel of Christ not to look for his wages, or the lawyer or doctor for their fees.

Why then can you expect a number of individuals to form themselves into a society, for the purpose of either educating or gratifying a large public, by the means of concerts, any more than you can expect an individual to give either matinees or soirees to a select number, for the same purpose without proper remuneration, though it may be considered ever so improving to the artists themselves? No example can be found of artists, (that is, all those who live by their art,) doing what you would have us do, because the nature and relations of men toward each other, are such, that it cannot be expected. It is perhaps unnecessary to illustrate this, as we all know what it means, especially when the butcher and baker send in their little bills. And now to come to the question itself—"Twelve dollars." Can any man say it is too much when he considers it as payment for a concert and four rehearsals; or in other words, for one evening and four afternoons. Given too at a season and the only one when the musician must make his harvest, and when his time is valuable? It is true we hope to realize more than that sum, but it is like "hoping against hope." Any one who knows the real labor attending the getting up of large concerts will immediately see that many of us will dearly earn our pay, before a single rehearsal or concert is held, yet will we work none the less for that, and shall still feel that our motives are as conscientious as those of any class of men in the performance of their duties. If we do not receive the support we expect, we will only hope at present that the fault cannot be laid at our doors.

We have formed a society according to the best plan, as we think, that the nature of institutions around us admits, and time only can prove whether we are correct or not in our opinion. And we stepped forward too in the cause, at a moment when there was every reason to suppose none others would.

You have objections to a Philharmonic Society composed of, and managed exclusively by professional artists. Our experience, and that of others in various cities, leads us to avoid, "councils of advice." No society is safely established that is composed of two (if not more) elements. I may here say, that it was the intention of our society, when the proper moment came, to invite to meet us all the most active music lovers in the city; to read to them our constitution, unfold our plans, and ask for their active coöperation and support, reserving to ourselves the immediate guidance of the whole working affairs of the society, because advice from non-professionals is not at all times practical, for the simple reason that every one knows his own business best. Concert giving, either exclusively or partly so, has been the business of some of us for many years, and consequently we may be supposed to have felt and watched the public pulse with great carefulness.

In my desire to defend our professional brethren from the very unfavorable opinion which you entertain of their intentions, I fear that I have already exceeded the length of a modest article, without at all touching on what I deem to be the most important feature of a Philharmonic Society, viz., the character of its programmes—now upon that the whole thing hinges—Ergo, the programme is "the kernel;" it may be bitter and it may be sweet. Whatever kind of programme our Society will offer to its subscribers cannot here or at present be stated. But I will venture to say that we certainly shall make our selections with as careful weighing, and considering of the general circumstances, and the materials with which we have to work with, as any one can wish

for. Bearing in mind even, that we have not a musical public such as may be found in London, Paris, Leipzig or Berlin to play for, neither have we an orchestra such as may there be found. For Boston is a small city yet, and though called the Athens of America is too poor to support a complete orchestra. On your part we could have wished Mr. Dwight, that you had allowed our scheme to go before the public on the strength of such reputation as we may have as individuals or collectively, instead of prejudging our intentions in a manner which, were we strangers in Boston, would have been of positive injury. But as we are not in that position Mr. Dwight, we do not fear that we have lost any ground, and I should not have felt the necessity of making so long a story now of this matter, if your readers were not numbered by thousands throughout the country, and not in a position to rightly judge us at a distance. Our Boston friends with whom we daily mingle, know us as we are, and what we strive to accomplish, but to those at a distance, many of whom are friends, self-respect required this effort at our hands; in order to not be misjudged.

I cannot conclude, Mr. Dwight, without acknowledging the great interest you have ever shown in the cause of music in Boston, yet hoping you will believe there are others as purely actuated as yourself, among whom humbly hopes to be remembered, yours very truly,

THOMAS RYAN.

## Musical Correspondence.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, ST. JOSEPH'S CO., IA. — On the afternoon of June 26, in compliance with the kind invitation of the Lady Superior, I found myself at the gate of St. Mary's Academy and an unexpected scene of beauty was here presented before me. The numerous buildings at St. Mary's almost hidden in verdure is a sight indeed refreshing to a denizen of the town.

I alighted from the carriage, and sauntered slowly along the path winding with the St. Joseph's River. The spacious grounds forming an area of many acres, certainly could not be surpassed in natural endowments and the artistic ornaments, exhibit on the part of the proprietors, a wise appreciation of the effect of physical surroundings upon the minds of youth. The St. Joseph's River whose swift current and shaded banks are a guaranty of health, twines like a protecting arm about the spot and glances up through the green boughs all along the south side of the premises. Rustic seats are arranged under the huge trees, and beautiful summer-houses dot the grounds over like charmed islands in an enchanted lake. The Exhibition Hall, the Academy, and the Novitiate of the Sisters of the Holy Cross stand parallel to each other, and glancing through the foliage they form a picture indescribably interesting. The first vacant arbor that I found chanced to be the lovely little greenhouse erected for the children of the Holy Angels, a confraternity established in the Academy, placing the members under the special guardianship of these invisible benefactors. The idea is, to say the least, strikingly poetical. A little farther on is the House of Loretto. This unique little Chapel is built exactly after the design of the house said to be the birthplace of the Virgin Mother of our Savior, and the residence of our Lord during the years of seclusion from the world. This "storied fane" was built by the "Children of Mary," another Society composed of the young ladies of St. Mary's.

After passing through the Academy building, and admiring the neatness and simple elegance of the apartments, before repairing to the Exhibition Hall, I paused to observe the fancy work of the young ladies, and in the fine vases and baskets of flowers, I found that nature herself had well nigh been rivaled by the adroit fingers that had formed these beautiful bouquets. The painting and embroidery evinced equal taste and skill, and spoke well for the tuition of St. Mary's in the ornamental branches.

But the great treat of the day, the Annual Exhibition, was now about to commence, therefore I took my seat immediately, in the Hall, which was already

full to overflowing. A fair orchestra of five beautiful young girls opened the entertainment by playing a fine entrance march, arranged for the occasion; Miss Mary Walker, of Elizabethtown, Penn., touching skillfully the chords of the grand double action harp at the right hand of the stage, while her little sister Anna swept the strings of another harp on the opposite side; Miss J. Aurentz, of Pittsburg, Penn., Miss Virginia Spitzer, and Miss Mary Schwalm presiding gracefully at the fine pianos just in front of the platform.

It is rarely that one enjoys music of so high an order accompanied by a scene so exquisitely artistic as the one that greeted us at this moment. From a door behind the centre of the stage, the entire school, attired in white, appeared before the audience. In a fairy like procession they entered, making a graceful inclination to the assembly as they passed to their seats in time to the spirited music. All were impressed with the beautiful deportment of the young ladies, and a spontaneous murmur of admiration burst from the audience present.

When the young ladies were seated, the Overture to Zampa, by Herold, was performed upon the piano. After which, the pupils of the first Vocal Class sang with touching expression the grand Chorus by Lam-billotte, "O Cor Amoris Victimæ." The young ladies of St. Mary's truly are possessed of beautiful voices, and their instructors may well be proud of their execution.

Then followed a highly entertaining and instructive play, entitled, *Filiola*; after which followed the deservedly popular and beautiful vocal quartette, *Music in the Air*. This was performed by those talented young ladies, the Misses Walker, and Miss J. Aurentz. This ethereal and heavenly musical composition, is well adapted to the voices of these young ladies and the effect of its performance upon the audience was thrilling in the extreme. A vocal duet, with guitar accompaniment, succeeded, by the Misses Daly, of Chicago, Ill. The younger of these young ladies possesses a voice of remarkable vigor and compass, and is certainly a fine singer. Here followed a Cantata, alike beautiful in conception and execution. The Queen of the Graces descends upon earth to bestow the gifts of Faith, Hope and Charity. At the close of the Recitative a touching tableau is formed by these impersonated virtues, kneeling at the feet of their queen, and crowned by her as worthy to rule the hearts of men. After this came the distribution of premiums to the junior department of the school, kindling the light in bright eyes, and making young pulses throb joyously. The Misses Walker again sang one of their sweet songs; the "Merry Minstrels" followed by one of Glover's vocal duets, "We glide on the lake," and by the sparkling and lively chorus: "The Water Lilies."

The second part of the exhibition opened with the Overture of Mozart's celebrated "Il Nozze di Figaro," an instrumental trio, by Miss Mary Walker, Miss Mary Dennis, and Miss Josephine Aurentz. The Misses Coyle, of Peoria, Ill, now sang the exquisite duet, "Cari Lisa," and their charming voices will be long treasured as among the many choice remembrances of St. Mary's. This Institution has already sent out many successful music teachers, and it has been proposed to form as a distinct feature, a normal musical department, and judging from the skill displayed upon this occasion, such an enterprise could scarcely fail of eminent success.

After the Compositions followed the famous and favorite Concert Fantasia of Strakosch, "Yankee Doodle and Variations," by Miss Mary Walker, and Strakosch himself would have admired the skill of the youthful performer. The "Coronation Chorus," from Weber, was then sung, and Miss Ellen Flynn, amid the acclamation of all, received the Crown of Honor equal with Miss Healy who, I have learned since writing the above, has passed from the scenes of earth forever. The Valedictory then followed by Miss Mary Dennis, and was read with touching effect, and did honor to the mind and heart of the fair young graduate. The late hour deprived us of an interesting portion of the entertainment, as the distribution of premiums to the pupils of the Manual Labor School, and to the School of Deaf Mutes, as also a Pantomime Play by these silent aliens from the blissful world of sound, was on this account deferred. The Chorus Farewell to St. Mary's was now sung by the entire school and they all passed from the stage in the beautiful order with which they had entered.

The large company were now ushered into the dining hall, where a sumptuous repast was served us by the gentle Sisters of Holy Cross, and with sincere regret that a day so delightful had so soon passed away I bade adieu to this lovely spot. A VISITOR.



## Musical Intelligence.

MANCHESTER.—The triumphant success achieved by the revival of Gluck's *Orfeo* at the Théâtre Lyrique in Paris last winter, suggested to Mr. Charles Hallé the production of another master-piece of the illustrious and too-forgotten composer, at the Gentlemen's Concerts in Manchester. Mr. Hallé had many *chefs-d'œuvre* to select from. He chose *Iphigenia in Tauris*, one of Gluck's latest dramatic works, and unquestionably one of his grandest. *Iphigenia in Tauris* was written expressly for the Grand Opera of Paris, and was produced in 1779. The subject forms a sequel to the opera *Iphigenia in Aulis*, written to an adaptation of Racine's tragedy of that name, and brought out a year or two after Gluck had declared his new dramatic style in *Orfeo* and *Alceste*. *Iphigenia in Tauris* was not at first eminently successful; it grew, however, upon the Parisian public, and was held in high estimation for many years.

Certainly nothing was left undone by Mr. Charles Hallé on Wednesday night to recommend *Iphigenia in Tauris* to the hearers. An admirable band and chorus were engaged, and the principal parts of Iphigenia, Pylades, and Orestes, were sustained by Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Santley, with Miss Susanna Cole and Miss Theresa Jeffreys as Diana and the Priestess.

It is stated in the English papers that a difficulty has been raised at St. Petersburg about the reception of Lady Crampton, wife of the British Ambassador at that Court. The objection is that before her marriage she was simply Miss Victoria Balfe, an opera singer. The Russians are aghast at the idea of a singer having precedence of the ladies of the whole foreign *corps diplomatique*, together with the *entree* to the palace. They cannot see how the daughter of a musical composer, the leader of the orchestra of the Opera House, (herself a public singer, moreover,) can worthily represent the Majesty of England! They say "it is true a noble Earl married an actress, Miss Farren; the late Earl of Essex, Miss Stephens, the singer; the late Duke of St. Albans, an actress Miss Foote; the late Earl of Craven, an actress, Miss Brunton, &c., but none of these noblemen were Ambassadors or other representatives of British Sovereigns."

Madame Grisi has just lost her youngest and favorite daughter, a beautiful child of four years of age. The family had been passing the summer at Fulham, where the child was taken suddenly ill. She was removed to Brighton, but died in a few days. Signor Mario and Madame Grisi returned to London deeply afflicted, but the parents were both compelled to sing in the "Huguenots" two days after the funeral of their babe.

Mr. M. W. Balfe had arrived in London from St. Petersburg and Dantzic, accompanied by his two daughters, Mrs. Bereus and Lady Crampton.

At the last public performance, given in the Conservatorium of Leipzig, on the 23d ult., the two daughters of the English composer, John Barnett, carried away all the honors, both for their performances on the piano and their singing.

"So Mario and Mongina take subscriptions for the Sicilian Revolutionists," observed Lord Palmerston to Mr. Punch the other evening. "Just so," replied the gentleman, "and there's twenty pounds to begin with." "Eh! how do you mean?" asked Pam. "Why, my dear Lord, there are two tenners."

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Shortly after 5 o'clock on Friday afternoon, June 29th, the rafters which had been elevated on the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, preparatory to putting on the roof, were blown down by a sudden gust of wind, with a crash resembling a heavy discharge of artillery, resulting in serious if not fatal accidents to several of the workmen. One of the original founders and largest stockholders was present at the time, and was severely hurt by the falling of the timbers. A singular circumstance connected with the accident is in relation to a horse, which was employed on the ground floor in turning a drum-windlass for hoisting timbers to the roof. The falling timbers and bricks completely crushed the windlass, and actually cut the halter and stripped the harness from the horse's back, yet, strange as it may appear, without injuring the old animal in the least. He stood perfectly unconcerned until taken out some time afterward. The damage done to the building is estimated at from \$10,000 to \$15,000. Its completion will be delayed for about a month, in consequence of this accident. The disaster created the most intense excitement, and thousands of persons

assembled in the vicinity within half an hour after the crash was heard.

"The Patti" has been singing a great many "farewells" in the west. At McVicker's theatre, in Chicago, there have been some interesting operatic performances, in which la bella Adelina has been assisted by her sister, Mme. Strakosch, Brignoli, the fine tenor, and Junca, the grand basso. Patti was announced to make her "positively last" and "only" farewell appearance in Chicago, in that great wigwam wherein the Republican Convention lately met. In alluding to this, one of the Chicago critics exclaims, "Think of Patti—the petite, pretty, fascinating pet of Irving Place opera-goers—singing to a crowd of Western roughs at two shillings a head, in a barn! And that, while the managers of London and Paris where Miss Patti has been engaged, are so anxiously waiting for her!" A writer in one of the journals of Chicago, who seems to know what he is talking about, reviews in detail the personnel of this troupe, and thus speaks of our old favorite, Junca:

For one that has seen and heard everything, he is good in every respect. A perfect musician, he is natural in his acting and singing. I may say with truth that he is the only one of the troupe that knows well how to behave on the stage. Respecting the public, he does all he can to give satisfaction, and does appear at all as if he was always thinking "it is good enough for these Western people." How many times has Paris overheard the theatre when he was singing with Mad. Geison and the charming Miss Noë. I recollect "St. Jetais Roi," an opera, which Adam wrote partly for him. Junca is a perfect artist, and deserves the praise of every connoisseur. He gives the world a fair specimen of that French gallantry which regulates all his doings.

—N. O. Picayune.

Tamberlik was rather coldly received in Madrid, lately, until he bethought him of his *do in petto*, ("ut de poitrine," which drew forth enraptured plaudits from his audience, and secured his triumph. Musiani will have to C sharp after his laurels.—*Ibid.*

BOSTON THEATRE.—We are gratified to learn that the Boston Theatre will be managed the ensuing season by Mr. THOMAS BARRY as the representative of the proprietors. We trust that this beautiful house may be raised from the position to which it has fallen, and again take its place as the theatre of Roston.

ORGAN CONCERTS AT CHICAGO.—Miss Sarah Tillinghast—daughter of Mr. William Tillinghast, well known to our citizens formerly as a teacher of music in the public schools and in private families—recently gave two classical organ concerts in St. Paul's Church, Chicago, which are highly spoken of by the press of that city. She was assisted by several amateur vocalists. The Press and Tribune says of Miss Tillinghast's performances:

"The highest compliment that can be paid to a musical performer is a rapt attention on the part of the audience. The ordinary Sunday duties of an organist require less of manual dexterity and pedallic skill than of judgment and taste. But such compositions as Miss T. set down for herself on the programme, require the combination of all those qualities in a high degree. The manner in which she employed the vast resources of the noble instrument in St. Paul's Church, showed most conclusively that she possessed that combination of qualities."

We believe Miss Tillinghast is the regular organist of St. Paul's Church. Her father is engaged in the public schools of Chicago.—*Rochester Democrat.*

A MUSICAL SKETCH of the days of '76. Stella, the pleasant correspondent of the Worcester *Palladium*, in her last letter, speaks as follows of the story by the "Diartist" in our last number:

"Dwight's *Journal of Music*, contained, last week, a clever satire upon a class of writers with whom we have little patience, who write what are called 'musical' stories and sketches; and who, under pretence of illustrating the life of some great composer, interweave truth and fiction so artfully that only the most assiduous student of facts perceives their absurdity. No name is too sacred to escape the sacrilege of their meddling pens, for none has oftener figured as the hero of these tinsel stories than Beethoven himself. In earlier years, in happy ignorance of the fact that all is not truth that is written as truth, we wondered how the great composers, men whose genius had bequeathed such music to the world, Mozart, Beethoven, &c., could stoop to the enacting of the scenes of which these writers—some of them only too able, had made them the unhonored heroes. A weak sentimentality pervades most productions of this sort which repels experienced readers, but which imposes upon the credulity of the less wary. We hope Lizzy Polky's 'Musical Sketch of the Days of '76,' will be a death-blow to this species of literature."

## Special Notices.

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